

## Smoking Gun

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Summary: The last marine on a glassed world meets a Brute. One Shot.

## Smoking Gun

The pistol spun around on the pavement. Between the cracks blood flowed through like small creeks. His hand was spread across a black spot of charred cement. Shadows advanced, growing bigger as their masters came closer. Pvt. John Copall watched the silhouettes. He counted in his head. 1...2...3...4. They stopped.

John Copall looked at his hand; a hole chewed through the palm, his fore and middle fingers blown off. Blood flowed freely into those little creeks. He lifted his head and took a deep breath. The sky was red with streaks of purple. Smoke rose from between rubbish warthogs and damaged wraiths. Covenant bodies strewn across. Two banshees flew across in patrol. There was no human presences.

John Copall turned around, on his knees, facing his murderers. It was a Brute, greyish-brown fur tossed over thick, broad shoulders. He had with him a Jackal and a Grunt, puppets to his will. He carried a gravity hammer, and they carried plasma pistols. John Copall smirked.

"Well?" he said through a couple coughs of blood. The Brute laughed. A pitiful laugh, aimed towards humiliating John Copall. The other two laughed along.

"What the hell's wrong with you fucks? End it!" he raised his hands in a miserable surrender. The Brute stopped laughing and became unhumanely serious. Or maybe that was natural for his kind. A squawk continued from the Jackal until the Grunt shook his head at him.

"You want to die, human?" the question was heavy with an uncaring tone. John Copall spat a glob of blood at the Brutes foot.

"No, but I have no other choice." the Brute looked at his pistol. Smoke left its small barrel-slit. He grunted, a chuckle-grunt is what I call it.

"Does that weapon have ammunition?" John Copall turned and looked at his magnum. The only gun for miles that was UNSC made.

"Why? You wanna do an O.K Corral?" John Copall laughed, the Brute clearly confused.

"I want to fight you." the Brute said. John Copall stood up, surprising the Jackal and Grunt, but the brute threw down his gravity hammer.

"I will oblige." John Copalls two-digit missing hand curled into a fist. His other was unwarily watching the magnum.

"Then get ready, human." the ape charged at John Copall with a speed so strong it nearly broke John's ribs. He fell back, on top of the pistol.\_ Not yet,\_ he thought. Standing back up, he dodged another charge by the Brute and slammed his fist into its mule-faced head. It barely phased, turning and grabbing John's neck. He lifted him high in the air. John bit his hand, spitting away some of the flesh he tore off. Back on the ground, John slammed his shoulder into its torso, sending it and him onto the hard asphalt. John could see some blood drip down the corner of its mouth. He glanced at the pistol again.\_ Not yet.\_ The Brute threw him off itself and regained its composure. The Brute wiped the blood from its mouth and charged again. But instead of going all the way, it stopped mid-way, surprising John, and grabbed the magnum. The black metal made it hot to the touch and the Brute threw it aside.

"I thought you might've needed it," The Brute said, "but let's make this a fair fight. After all, I can't let you kill me." \_Fuck.\_

The Brute continued its rampage, punching John in his already bruised ribs. Blood gushed in huge amounts from John's mouth. He grabbed its hairy arm before it could pull back. He twisted around, surprised to see he broke it. The Brute fell on his knee, trying to fix his arm. John decided to swiftly kick him in the eyes, sending him down onto a pool of blood. The Jackal and Grunt aimed their plasma pistols at John. He pulled a frag off his belt. They began to jump around, screaming and hollering.

"Yah, think twice before you pull your peashooters on me, rats." unbeknownst to John, the Brute was getting up, his arm dangling at his side. His face showed a wrath so fierce that the blood on his forehead was boiling. He grabbed John's shoulder, crushing it and sending John into a world of pain. He fell on his knees, almost imitating the Brute, looking at the frag on the ground and at his three-digit hand. It stopped bleeding, but it didn't matter considering the rest of his body was broken.

"Stupid human," the Brute scoffed, "did you think that you were gonna win? I was showing you a mercy by allowing you to fight me. But you were never gonna win." the Brute booted the back of his head, sending John into a semi-darkness and face first into blood. The Grunt and Jackal still frenzied, completely blind to their surroundings.

"Imbeciles!" the Brute's roar calmed them down. Their breathing labored from so much convulsion of their limbs. The Brute rested his foot on John's head.

"The last human on this Gods-forsaken world," the Brute laughed again. John Copall shakily reached out to grasp the frag. Activating it.

"See you in hell, fuck-monkey." he tossed it up, the explosive-stick twirling in the Brutes face. The expression it made before it went off was comical. But it wasn't making that expression anymore. The Grunt and Jackal were barraged with thousands of small shrapnel. Their blue blood sprayed everywhere.

John Copall was hit, and the wounds killed him. But not until after the rest were dead. His head, cut up from the explosion, looked over at the magnum. He smiled, blood unconsciously mixed with drool. His eyes rolled back, and he died.

\*\*Just something I wanted to write. Please review.\*\*

End  
file.